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**The Erased Chronicles**

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By: LastationLover5000 (/u/5708835/LastationLover5000) ✉ (https://www.fanfiction.net/pm2/post.php?uid=5708835)

In an alternate timeline where Gohan encounters Erasa, Videl's friend from childhood, what happens when they develop a romantic relationship? Explore the Erased Chronicles, an alternate timeline where Gohan and Erasa try and balance their relationship with all the chaos of Majin Boo's arrival on Earth! Things won't always be what you expect, in this new tale of Dragon Ball Z!

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**Palace of God; The eve of the Tenka'ichi Budōkai**

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14. The Warriors' Reunion

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Looming far above the planet Earth stood an ancient structure known as the Palace of God, a palace meant for the dwelling of Earth's guardian demi-god. Standing at the very edge was Piccolo, who looked down upon Earth with a very grim expression — if one could believe it.

"Such a foul, dark presence..." The Namekian mused to himself, a scowl set deep into his face as he positively glowered at the planet below. "I haven't felt this kind of omen since seven years ago...when I first detected Cell moving unseen across the Earth, looking for the Androids."

"Piccolo...?" The voice of a younger presence snapped Piccolo out of his reverie. "Is your training completed?" The voice belonged to Dende, the current guardian of Earth, having replaced Kami after his fusion with Piccolo.

"Yeah..." Piccolo replied, giving the Namekian adolescent a noncommittal gesture to step forward. "Tell me, Dende...do you feel it?"

"Yes, I do..." The Guardian replied, casting a gaze down at the planet below, "such a foul presence. And to think it would happen on the eve of Son Goku's return no less." Dende tried very hard not to think about what Goku had told his friends and family when he refused to be brought back to life by Shénlóng after he sacrificed himself in the battle with Cell. Goku believed he attracted trouble; that these beings came to Earth in search of him. And Dende had to agree, though it pained him; Goku was certainly a magnet for trouble.

"Peace never lasts," He let out a heavy sigh, gripping the staff that had once belonged to the former guardian, Kami. "Even a decade of peace...is that so much to ask for?"

"The arrival of this presence is still nascent," Piccolo replied firmly, "so there is time for me to warn the others. Specifically Goku. I don't wish to mar Gohan's reunion with his father, but the threat that looms over us now is greater than any enemy we've yet faced in the past. We'll play the tournament out...but if we simply stand idle, it won't be long before this new darkness envelops the entire world."

Dende looks up at his mentor and predecessor, balling up his fists helplessly as he looks up at his stern visage with a sense of urgency, "Isn't...Isn't there anyone we can warn about this without spoiling such a happy reunion? Like, someone who can keep a secret and be able to plan alongside you?"

Piccolo remained staunchly silent, surveying the planet below. With his eyes closed, he could see the *ki* of the entire planet, stretching across the veritable sea of energy, millions of faces rushing past his mind's eye; yet he needed to find only one. As he honed in on a familiar *ki* signature, precisely the one he was looking for, he opened his eyes, muttering, "I think I know whom to trust. He's already heading to the Budōkai; I should have known. All of us, heading in the same direction. Goku's presence must have

something to do with this..."

### **Elche Island; The Day of the Budōkai**

When the alarm went off that fateful morning for the last time, Erasa struck it all too readily. Readyng her gear for the Tournament, she tightened the obi over her waist with her Turtle Hermit gi fixed onto her frame. With a turtle shell slung over her shoulders, as practiced habit of leaving the door, she quickly was met with not only Gohan but Goten and Chi-Chi all up at the same time. For once they had gotten up earlier than she had, and all looked equally prepared for the competition to transpire later that day.

"Looks I slept in," Erasa joked with a giggle, announcing her arrival as all three pairs of eyes fixed on her.

"Hey there, sleepyhead," Gohan joked back, laughing lightheartedly as he crossed his arms over his chest, facing her appropriately, "ready for the big day?"

"I've been ready for months, Gohan. It's almost hard to believe it's been this long since I got here," Erasa exasperatedly.

"I know the feeling," Gohan said softly, remembering his own time training for long bouts for obstacles heading his way. One such time was when he was a child, preparing for the arrival of the Saiyans under Piccolo's harsh yet effective tutelage. He hardly could believe he was the same child, as he fought two accomplished warriors side by side the other members of the Dragon Team.

Shaking his head from his reverie, he saw Erasa having a brief idle chat with Chi-Chi, discussing how they were going to get to the Tournament grounds.

"I thought of capsuling the house and bringing it with me to the competition," She said decidedly, smiling brightly as she spoke her thoughts in a daydream-like manner, "after we reunite with Goku, we can all go back home and set it back up. Since he has a full day, I'm sure he'd like to just be back home and just enjoy being with his family for what time he has left after the Tournament."

"Guess that means Erasa and I will head to the Tournament before you two?" Gohan piped in, raising a brow questioningly at his mother.

"Sure thing. Though you don't need to hurry like we do," Chi-Chi smiled back at her son, turning to watch a bouncing Goten hop around the house, chasing a butterfly that had wandered into their abode, "I'll use Kinto'un. It's been awhile, but I'd like to keep the guy company for a more leisurely flight there. Plus, I'd like one of my sons to keep me company-"

"No-No, we're all going together," Gohan said with insistence, waving his hands in a placating manner to his mother, "there's no need for that. Besides, the Tournament doesn't actually start for awhile, so there's no rush as of yet. I doubt dad would sit still without seeing us anyways."

"You're right," His mother said with a comforted sigh.

Before more conversation could go on, a distinct ringing came from the household's phone. Looking over, Chi-Chi arched her brows curiously, wondering if it was Bulma calling. Approaching the phone, she picked it up and answered it in a polite manner. After hearing who was on the phone, she smiled and spoke politely back, before turning her head over to look at Erasa.

"Erasa, your father is on the phone," Chi-Chi called out to young guest of the Son home.

Practically beaming with excitement, Erasa bound across the floor to grab the receiver for the telephone. It had been quite some time since their last conversation via phone. Considering the day of the event was going to happen soon, she expected a call at some time, just not this early. It wouldn't be long before the two would engage in conversation with each other, before the topic of the day lingered on their lips.

"Yes, Dad, I told you, I'm doing fine!" Erasa spoke into the receiver, currently on the phone with her father, Marque, "you know for a fact I'm doing just fine, you just saw me last week!"

"Can you blame me for sounding worried?" Marque stressed into his only daughter's ear, "our meetings have become few and far between, and even today, the most I might see of you is watching from the stands."

"I've told you a thousand times, I'll be *fine*," the blonde girl replied sharply, "I haven't just been idling around for six months, you know. When I get to the tournament, watch me really close, alright? You'll see just what I can do now."

"You really do sound different," Marque let out a heaving sigh, "I can hear the confidence in your voice...I know you'll do well." Even with the old phone, Erasa could hear very well that her father's voice was cracking slightly; almost as if he was crying. "Alright, Erasa," The man composed himself quickly, taking a deep breath, "I'll see you in a few hours, honey!"

"I'll see you real soon, Dad! Wait for me at the tournament!" Erasa hung up the phone. As her call was finished, Gohan walked over to Erasa, and took her by the hand outside into the crisp, morning air of Elche Island.

"I know our training is over with, but before we head over to West City to meet up with Bulma and the others, its finally time for you to discard your shell," said Gohan, gesturing to the weighted shell that Erasa still wore on her back.

Erasa cast a look towards the carved replica of a shell that she'd worn on her back for several months; it had been quite awhile since she'd remembered she still wore it, as she only removed it for the short periods of bathing and sleeping. Easing the shell off her back, letting it fall to the ground with a dull clunking noise, Erasa noticed an immediate change that she'd never quite noticed before; with the shell gone, the girl could barely feel her own weight.

"Wha...?" She made a brief hopping motion, her eyes wide with wonder, "I feel so light, I can't even feel my own weight, Gohan!"

"Now try to jump!" Gohan encouraged. "As high as you can manage!"

The request sounded a bit confusing to Erasa, but nevertheless complied. Bending at the new, Erasa sprang into the air, and was surprised to find herself propelled well above the Son household within seconds, even temporarily floating, without any exertion of *ki* through her flight technique. In fact, she felt positively weightless; this lasted only briefly, however, as gravity quickly reminded Erasa it existed as she began to make a descent back to Earth, landing softly on her two feet.

"I was...weightless," Erasa looked down at herself in amazement. She remembered the first baseball game their school had when Gohan enrolled; how high he had jumped, the brief floating, that insane throwing strength. Was she able to do all of that now? And possibly even more? A sly grin formed over the girl's face as she immediately decided she wanted to put it to the test; why not see how fast she could go now? Crouching, she felt her leg muscles ripple with energy as she propelled forward, her new speed surprising her.

"Gotcha, Gohan!" She crowed, managing to get behind the Saiyan teenager.

"Wait, what?" Gohan reacted with the utmost surprise; he hadn't expected Erasa to pull an action like this out of the blue, and thus his *ki* sensing hadn't been activated, truly letting the girl take him by surprise.

Giving Gohan no moment to react, Erasa sprung, wrapping her arms around his neck; the sudden thrust caused Gohan to fall onto his back and the two began to tumble, rolling across the cool, crisp morning grass until they came to a stop. While not Erasa's intention, they had come to a very awkward stop; the young girl found herself pinned to the ground under Gohan, who was straddling on top of Erasa. When both of them came to their senses, catching their breath, they realized their position; both of them flushed ruby immediately, and yet neither seemed to move.

Whether it was because they were embarrassed, or because one of them was waiting to make a move, they remained almost perfectly still, their breathing synced perfectly in this one moment. It seemed like an eternity, it was Gohan who finally spoke.

"We...we're going to be late for the tournament if we don't go," He said weakly, trying to break the ice.

"Y-Yeah," Erasa replied with equal meekness as the two stood up, dusting themselves off, their faces still glowing bright red.

Chi-Chi pressed a button on the side of the house, reverting it from a full sized home to its original Hoi-Poi Capsule state. She briefly mused about the conveniences of modern science; her father had built them this house, so it wasn't originally a Capsule Corp. production. It was only after the events with the Androids that she'd personally asked Bulma to install a capsule regression feature into the home in case they ever needed to pick up and move quickly.

"I never thought I'd say this, but I might actually miss this island," Chi-Chi had grown quite fond of Elche Island in the six months they'd lived there. Perhaps she wasn't as cut-out for a secluded life as she once thought. The family said their final good-byes to the island, before rising into the air; Gohan grabbing Chi-Chi due to her inability to properly fly. Then, they took off flying, Gohan warning Chi-Chi to keep her eyes shut, thus allowing them to fly at full speed.

With Gohan and Goten flying as fast as they could while still allowing Erasa to keep pace with them — her heightened power level giving her a new level of aerial agility — the Son group managed to make it to West City within an hour. The sun was shining brilliantly by this point, and morning had truly arrived on Earth. As if the planet welcomed the arrival of the day its greatest defender would make a return, the sun, even in this early time, seemed to exude a light more brilliant than was normal.

The group landed lightly on the huge lawn that belonged to Capsule Corp., with Chi-Chi being especially grateful to be standing on something solid, and were greeted by Bulma, who was standing casually in front of a plane emblazoned with the Capsule Corp. logo. Standing next to her was Krillin, holding a small child; his daughter, Marron, a very aloof looking Android 18, who acknowledged Gohan with a curt nod of the head, and the ever-wise Master Rōshi, who was vomiting all over Bulma's front lawn.

"Hey, Bulma!" Gohan greeted the lavender-haired woman with a cheerful wave. "What's up with Master Rōshi?"

"Hey Gohan," Bulma replied in kind, and cast a look of minor disgust at the pile of sick Rōshi was leaving on the lawn. "This one? Well, he couldn't find his Hoi-Poi Capsules, you have the Nimbus, not that he can ride it, and 18 didn't want to carry him from the island to here. So, he rode in on some spinning turtle — Baby Gamera, I think it called itself? — and apparently, he couldn't take the rotation because he's hurling chunks onto the lawn my gardener just finishing trimming!"

"Heh, I see," Gohan couldn't help but chuckle at the old master's predicament. As he looked around, he noticed a distinct lack of faces; Yamcha, Oolong, Vegeta, Trunks, and even his grandfather, the Ox-King, who was going to arrive in his own personal vehicle, wasn't here yet. "Where's everyone else? Shouldn't they be here by now?"

"Yamcha said he'd be running a little late," Bulma explained, a look of irritation crossing her face that only deepened as her thoughts turned to her only child and her husband, "and Vegeta and Trunks are still getting some last minute training in. Neither of them understand the concept of moderation!"

"You know Vegeta," Krillin interjected, "he'd spend his entire life training if he didn't at least need to take a break to use the restroom!"

Bulma sighed, "You don't know how true that is, Krillin. And Trunks is getting just as bad; the only time either of them seem to stop nowadays is to sit in front of the television and eat those TV dinners they get from the Mart. You should see the trash cans..."

"My family is just used to waking up early," said Chi-Chi, who couldn't help but feel for Bulma. Gohan had been the same way, after all. "We'll just have to patiently wait for everyone to arrive. I just hope we don't miss Goku..."

Thus, the group had no other choice but to wait for the stragglers to arrive. Trunks and Vegeta had finished their training before Yamcha or the Ox-King had arrived. Gohan highly doubted Vegeta would have stopped had Bulma not gone down to the Gravity Chamber to personally yell at her husband and son; the two eventually conceded to Bulma, and cut their training short. For a given Saiyan definition of short training, anyway.

While Goten and Trunks began to play, Gohan felt very uncomfortable, and the reason why wasn't lost on him. Vegeta had his eye on the son of Goku, who stood at a distance with his mother and Erasa. He'd expected this, naturally; out of every competitor for the tournament, the only one Vegeta would acknowledge besides Goku was Gohan, and, at the most, Android 18. It was only natural that Vegeta would be sizing Gohan up; almost as if he was trying to gauge Gohan's six months of training.

"That man...Vegeta, right?" Erasa whispered to Gohan, jerking her head in the direction of the Saiyan prince, "he's...enough to kill the mood in a room, isn't he?"

"You don't know the half of it," Gohan replied in an equal hushed tone, unable to suppress a smile at Erasa's quick assessment of the situation. "Though, when it comes down to it, Vegeta's not a...bad person." Gohan struggled to explain it to Erasa; after all, he had been witness to several of Vegeta's atrocities in the past, not that he wanted to inform Erasa she was in the presence of a man who used to commit genocide as a hobby.

The party continued to wait for a good hour for Yamcha to arrive, and had to amuse themselves during this time. Goten and Trunks, children as they were, were amused with simple games of tag, and even starting to play with Marron, as the daughter of Krillin and 18 seemed to be easily entertained by the two Saiyan children. The rest of the group were finally in a situation where they were forced to socialize without someone as cheerful as Goku to break the ice and Gohan had to admit it was rather awkward; Bulma and Chi-Chi found themselves making small talk, only interrupted occasionally to snap at their youngest sons for doing something too rough before they turned back to themselves, but this was as far as the social interaction went.

It was finally Android 18, of all people, who broke the ice. Walking over to Gohan and Erasa, who had drifted apart from the group almost on instinct, she looked directly at Erasa before inclining her head in a jerking motion towards Gohan. "So, you and him, huh?"

"W-What!? 18, what are you saying!?" Gohan spluttered, lucky to have made out an intelligible sentence, his face a deep crimson. The shock on Erasa's face mirrored that of Gohan's, a luminescent blush forming in a crimson line across the teenage girl's face.

"18, that's far from polite to intrude on their personal lives like that," Bulma reprimanded the younger woman sternly, causing 18 to flash her a look of only mild annoyance. Despite this, Bulma couldn't help but admit she was intrigued to get confirmation on her earlier suspicions.

"It was only a question..." Android 18 replied dully.

Erasa took a deep breath, slipping her hand into Gohan's, gently pulling the man closer to her, her face still a furious ruby red. "Y-Yeah, Gohan and me." She responded, trying to sound firm despite 18's sudden query making Erasa very embarrassed. All Gohan could do was nod his own confirmation. Bulma and Chi-Chi positively squealed in excitement at this; even Android 18 flashed a supportive smile.

"I knew it, I just *knew* it," Bulma said excitedly, more to Chi-Chi than Erasa or Gohan, "the moment those two showed up here to tell me about Goku, I knew it was odd that Gohan would be in the company of such a pretty girl without a reason!"

"And she's so shy about it," Chi-Chi gushed to her friend with equal vigor, "you just can't help but want to tease her about it, right? They remind me so much of Goku and myself when we were younger, it's so adorable, I just can't-"

"Tch! Earth women!" Vegeta hissed in disgust.

If Erasa's face could become any brighter, she'd be positively glowing at this point; why did it devolve into this in just a second of admitting her and Gohan's relationship to the group at large?

Android 18 took the two of them aside, giving the gossiping older women a look of exasperation. "That wasn't supposed to happen," She said apologetically. "I can see those kinds of questions are best asked in private." It wasn't entirely Android 18's fault that she lacked any real tact; she hadn't had much in the way of social development before Dr. Gero had captured her and her brother for the sake of experimentation. She was merely behaving the best way she knew how.

"It's fine," Gohan replied, not at all angry with 18; it had, after all, only been innocent curiosity after all. "We were going to have to tell everyone at some point; I suppose it's better they found out sooner than later."

Mercifully for Erasa and Gohan, no further inquiries into just how far along their relationship had progressed could be uttered, they heard the revving of a vehicle.

Bulma was the first to take a look, raising her hand over her eyes to block out the glare of the morning sun, squinting as she looked into the distance, "Hey, is that them?"

While Bulma was voicing curiosity, Gohan, on the other hand, voiced alarm. "Moving kind of fast, aren't they?"

"They aren't sticking close to the ground." Erasa said, seeing the vehicle swerve as it tried to maintain a set altitude but was failing considerably. "Are they coming towards us?"

"Wait, is that a Capsule Corp vehicle?" Bulma inquired, recognizing the model as a Silver Star Mark VII. Capsule Corp. had acquired the brand several years ago and the car had been one of the first they'd released in the new family line. The closer the vehicle sped closer, two figures came into view in the driver's and passengers seat.

"GET OUT OF THE WAY! HE'S LOST CONTROL!" The Ox-King called frantically, waving his arms in a panic from the passenger's side of the vehicle.

Chi-Chi, ignorant to the danger of the vehicle that was careening towards them, turned at the sound of her father's voice, waving. "Is that Dad!? Oh, it IS Dad! Hi there!"

"I'VE LOST CONTROL! YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" Yamcha stuck his head out of the driver's side window, frantically shouting towards his friends as tears sprayed from his face and his lips flapped in the wind pressure.

"He's gonna crash!" Gohan cried, leaping aside, grabbing Erasa under his arm and moving to tackle his mother and Bulma out of the way of the out-of-control of vehicle. It was a credit to his skill that the teenage Saiyan could perform such quick movement and still be careful when grabbing the three human women to avoid applying force beyond that which a human body could take.

The only one that remained calm was Vegeta, who idly raised a single hand to halt the vehicle, preventing it from hitting him or the lawn outright; the force of the sudden stop caused the Ox-King to lurch with the bent fender, while sending Yamcha crashing out of the window and into the lawn, buried comically beneath the grass, headfirst, his lower body sticking out with a light twitch. The Saiyan Prince proceeded to carefully ease the vehicle to the ground, letting go as it hit the lawn, before letting out a very annoyed grunt.

"I almost became a pork roast..." Oolong stepped out of the back of the car, followed by Yamcha's faithful companion Pu'ar.

"Leave it to Yamcha to drive..." Pu'ar felt like he would heave, before collapsing face first along with Oolong on the cool grass of Capsule Corp.'s lawn.

As the chaos calmed down, Gohan was able to let Bulma, Erasa, and Chi-Chi out of his protective hold, and his mother rushed towards his grandfather frantically, "Daddy! Are you okay?!"

"I'm okay, sweetie," The Ox-King replied shakily, pilling himself from the broken dashboard of the car, patting his chest with a visible seatbelt pulled over his large chest, "I had my seat-belt on."

In a feat of strength that surprised the group, Bulma wrenched Yamcha out of the ground by his ankles before slamming back onto the ground, hard on his back. "What the hell do you think you're doing, trying to kill all of us!? Did you just get your license yesterday!?"

"I-I-I...was trying to show off my new ride," Yamcha stammered, raising his hands defensively while trying to inch away from the angry lavender haired woman, "..picked up...everyone but...contr-GUH!" His explanation, however, was cut short my a barrage of slaps from Bulma in retaliation.

"I'LL SHOW YOU LOST CONTROL!" She shouted furiously as she switched from slapping to kicking the man, causing nearly everyone, even Vegeta, to watch the scene in abject nervousness. Eventually, the former martial artist was left covered in multiple bruises but mercifully nothing too extreme.

While the group was still focused on Yamcha's predicament, Erasa had shifted her attention from this to the crashed car that was standing, smoking and shattered, in front of the Saiyan prince. Her mouth was slightly agape as she remember precisely what Vegeta had done. "D-Did Vegeta just stop a flying vehicle one-handed?"

As he was used to this kind of scenario, it hadn't struck Gohan that Erasa would have found stopping a moving car with a single hand to be something one doesn't see everyday. "Yeah, he did. To tell you the truth, I could have done it myself, but I had to make sure everyone was out of the way before anything else."

"What a crazy life you live, Gohan," Erasa sighed in complete exasperation.

"You got that right," Gohan chuckled.

"With everyone here," Bulma said, straightening up from her discipline session, "I think it's finally time we head on over to Papaya Island! We wouldn't want to miss Goku, right?" Everyone quickly boarded the Capsule Corp. plane, some eager to see Goku, others eager to fight him, and some were a mix of the two. With Bulma behind the wheel, and Vegeta at her side, the plane took off, quickly soaring away from the metropolis of West City.

The sound of chatter filled the spacious aircraft as the entire group broke off into individual conversations while everyone took a seat. It had been seven years since the entire group — minus a few souls — had met that everyone was playing catch-up with each other, in addition to simply hyping up the return of a new tournament. Goten and Trunks, ignoring the rest of the company in exchange for their own entertainment, were fighting in the background over the window seat.

"So, is Goku really going to come?" Bulma turned her head to look at Gohan, voicing doubt for the first time since she'd actually received the news. "It seems a little...fantastic, doesn't it?" To be fair, she had seen the dead come back to life plenty of times, and even those who weren't wished back could make their way to Earth somehow; Goku's grandfather, Son Gohan, was a primary example of that. "It's not like I've forgotten it's possible...but it's been so long since we've seen Goku..."

"He'll be here!" Gohan agreed readily, unable to repress the excitement in his voice at the return of his father. "I know it's been way too long since we've seen Dad, but let's not start doubting it now. He's never lied to us before, has he? If Dad says he's going to show, he'll be here."

"Goku isn't one to tell a lie," Krillin agreed, readily defending his best friend. "He may not be the smartest, but honesty's always been a trait of his!"

"It's been ages since we've seen him!" The Ox-King, like everyone present, was happy to see his son-in-law return, even if it was just for a day.

"I bet Dad won't recognize you, Krillin!" Gohan exclaimed, pointing at the man's new hairstyle and outfit. Since the fighting days were generally over, Krillin was finally able to relax; he'd stopped shaving his hair and had abandoned the official uniform of the Turtle School in exchange for a look that was far more unique to him.

"Yeah, I doubt it," Krillin agreed, laughing along with Gohan as he scratched the back of his head.

"Are you going to compete, Yamcha?" Master Rōshi, who had regained his bearings from the vomiting session, asked his former student.

"Me? Sorry, Master Rōshi, but my fighting days are long done," The ex-bandit replied, shaking his head firmly. "What with the Super Saiyans, the Super *Namekians*, among others? I'd just embarrass myself out there."

The conversations continued this way for awhile, and everyone except Vegeta, Android 18, and Erasa were joining in. Given the anti-social nature of the former two, it wasn't difficult to understand why they'd rather remain silent, but Erasa's silence was certainly odd. Chi-Chi was the first to pick up on it, as Gohan was lost in a conversation with Krillin, and looked at the girl in concern.

"Erasa, is something the matter?" The older woman looked over to the other row of seats where the quiet blonde sat, twiddling her fingers.

"Um..." Her innocent blue-eyes looked towards the older woman, and she seemed to be struggling the form a coherent thought, "I know you all keep talking about 'Goku' this and 'Goku' that, but I was thinking..." She went quiet again, as if she didn't want to speak. For all the confidence she had gained in six months, it was certainly not showing in this moment, and it made the entire plane hush, "what if he doesn't like me? Or think I'm fit for Gohan?"

"I can't see that happening," It wasn't Chi-Chi who replied, but Krillin, "I've known Goku for years, and he's forgiven people who honestly had no business being forgiven. I forged a lifelong friendship with him, despite the fact that he and I got off on the wrong foot. I don't know you too well, but you seem to be an earnest kid, so I think Goku will take to you pretty quickly. Besides, if he could forgive *Vegeta* for everything he tried to do to, I think you're going to be fine."

"Ha!" Vegeta's scornful voice could be heard from the seat directly next to Bulma's. "As if I need forgiveness from the likes of him!" The man crossed his arms, keeping his own face out of view from the rest of the group as he kept his gaze locked on the scenery outside.

"Vegeta, enough of that!" Bulma snapped angrily at her husband, before speaking more gently to Erasa. "Goku is...a very unique kind of person. He's my oldest friend, and I've never known him to despise anyone who hasn't truly deserved it. It's simply not in his nature. You'll see when you meet him, Erasa. He exudes a peaceful kind of aura that makes you feel as if everything is alright when he's there. You don't need to worry so much."

"T-Thanks, you guys," Erasa replied, and true to what Bulma had said, she was already beginning to feel a little more at ease.

"By the way, Vegeta? And Goten and Trunks, this goes for you two as well; let's avoid using the Super Saiyan form while we're participating in the tournament." Gohan cautioned. He'd meant to bring this up earlier, but the conversations had proved to be far too much of a distraction for Gohan to focus. "I've been thinking about it, and this seems like the best way to avert any unnecessary attention."

"Why should we?" Vegeta objected, surprised at Gohan's suggestion.

"Well, think about it," Bulma interjected, "all of you competed in the Cell Games as Super Saiyans; Gohan was a particular shining example of how that transformation stands out. If you activate your Super Saiyan forms in the middle of the tournament arena, it'll simply tip them off instantly!"

"There's also the 'Gold Fighter' complication," Erasa whispered to Gohan, who chuckled weakly, before the teenage Saiyan hastily added his own addendum to Bulma's statement.

"If they found out about our transformations, we'd have the media on our front lawns by the end of the day," Gohan stressed, trying to make Vegeta see their point.

"And we'd simply rip their heads off," Vegeta replied bluntly.

"Vegeta!" Bulma reprimanded the man sharply, as Erasa flinched at Vegeta's very callous suggestion.

"Fine," the man conceded grudgingly, a smirk crossing his face, "if no one uses the Super Saiyan form, we'll be on 'equal' terms. I'll still have the upper-hand, regardless."

"You know it, Dad," Trunks agreed in the background.

### **Papaya Island, Before Tournament Registration Desk; 1:30 PM**

Erasa had never quite seen a place like Papaya Island before. Granted, she'd been to the beach, and her and Gohan's flying trips with Kinto'un around the continent had treated her to very unique scenery she'd never thought existed, but Papaya Island was something special. Even with the sound of bustling people that filled her ears from the moment she and the rest of the party stepped off the ship, it didn't distract from the beauty. Beyond the bazaar set up to welcome to competitors and spectators alike, the island was remarkably lush, the air pure from the foliage that filled the island — primarily, towering palm trees. Docks were adjoined on one corner of the island, leading to a black tarred street straight that went straight into the temple hosting the Tenka'ichi Budōkai. The palm trees that Erasa noticed when she first arrived were aligned either side of the road, arcing over as if to form a covering; additionally, sparse bushes were checkered across the area.

The group made their way inward towards the temple that held the Budōkai, and were quickly overwhelmed by an explosion of noise. The source of the noise quickly became apparent; a plethora of raucous crowds — natives and visitors alike — bustling towards the Budōkai temple. A vast majority of them were wearing shirts emblazoned with the face and name of Mr. Satan, while others seemed to don more sane attire, depending on their preferences. Young and old, man and woman, the crowd walked and ran through the grounds, flowing like a river of people, all of them aiming to get as many souvenirs as they could before they watched the spectacle that was soon to start.

Vegeta was, if anything, annoyed. Bustling crowds, gatherings of noisy humans did little more than grate on the Saiyan prince's nerves, and yet he managed to keep his mouth shut only because he was focusing on the only thing that mattered to him right now — the arrival of Kakarot. If it meant engaging in a battle with that clown once more, he could endure the endless babbling and ramblings of a few human fools.

"Even at festivals, I've never seen a gathering like this," Erasa said in awe, staring at the crowd in wonder, "I didn't know so many people attended the tournament."



"And for all the wrong reasons," Master Rōshi said gravely, walking up beside Erasa, his sunglasses glinting in the glare of the light, "the Budōkai used to be a gathering of true martial artists; masters and apprentices who'd trained for years, honing their skills and talents for just the hope of a chance of competing in this tournament. It was viewed as a prestigious accomplishment for an aspiring martial artist to even make it halfway into the first round at one point. But that's no longer the case; now, it's turned into a commercialized wreck."

Erasa noted for the first time since she'd met the Master, he seemed serious; somber, even, as if the degrading of the Budōkai truly weighed on his conscience.

"I don't like to shift blame, but if I had to say anything, it's because of Mr. Satan," continued Master Rōshi, and Erasa didn't need to look far to see what he meant. Even young children were running by wearing t-shirts emblazoned with the face of her best friend's father; that ridiculous, gaping grin he always sported for the crowd. She remembered when she had seen Mr. Satan at the festival she attended with Gohan, so many years ago, and smiled sweetly at the memory, before turning her attention back to Master Rōshi.

"I even heard he tried to replace the normal preliminary rounds with a *punching machine*," Rōshi spoke the last two words with an edge of disgust, "it was only natural that the tournament monks refused. Those are honest men..." As Rōshi's eyes followed another crowd member wearing a shirt with the text that read "HAIL SATAN", he let out a sigh, "I really hate that man."

"He can be...hard to like," Erasa chuckled weakly, remembering her own encounters with Mr. Satan whenever she visited Videl's house. She never had quite taken to him the way other people did.

"I wonder if Goku's here yet?" Yamcha mused, casting a hand over his eye to improve his vision as he looked into the crowd of people for the familiar spiky black hair and orange *gi* that was the signature of their Saiyan friend. His question went unanswered, as Goku had not yet arrived, and before anyone could press the matter, they hear a giant roar of cheering from the crowd all around them.

The Ox-King craned his head, looking for the cause of the disturbance, "What was that?"

"IT'S MR. SATAN!" One of the women in the crowd shouted at the top of her lungs.

"MR. SATAN'S HERE!" Another one, a male this time, cried with equal vigor.

In disturbing unison, the crowd dashed towards Mr. Satan, pushing Erasa, Gohan, and the rest of their friends out of the way as they all crowded around the Champion of the World.

"There he is," Krillin said; he sounded almost amused if he wasn't quite so aggravated, "the 'hero who killed Cell'."

"Look at them all," Trunks said with disgust, "flocking to the old fart like sheep. I wonder if any of them even know how ridiculous their 'hero' really is."

As the crowd all tried to reach for Mr. Satan, the man's personal bodyguards — sharp-faced men in impeccable black suits, who also sported sunshades — desperately trying to keep the crowd back, like a dam holding back the flow of water. While these poor men were being run ragged, Mr. Satan stood tall above the rest, his demeanor as imposing as it ever was to the mindless sheep that followed him, and he let out his raucous, bombastic laugh that Gohan quickly remembered as having found 'grating' on the ears.

"HA HA HA HA!" The man laughed again, pumping his arms into the air triumphantly, "ALL YOU MR. SATAN FANS OUT THERE! I LOVE YOU!"

"MR. SATAN! MR. SATAN! MR. SATAN!" The crowd roared in response to the man's words, trying once again to move towards him, only to be thwarted by the bodyguards once again.

"Welcome, Mr. Satan!" A female news anchor, blonde with hair that curled down to her back, held a microphone up to Mr. Satan's face, grinning widely, "we're so happy to see you here at the tournament! What do you think your chances of winning the tournament this year are?"

"I'd say I have a 200% chance of winning, mhm," Mr. Satan replied cockily, crossing his arms as he nodded. He wasn't worried; unlike the remainder of the competition, he'd be starting fresh. The former champion didn't need to participate in the preliminary matches, automatically receiving a pass into the tournament. Chuckling at his own personal advantage, the man did not know that present within the crowd of people, hanging back from his followers, were several people who could make his life hard.

"I wonder where Goku is..." Chi-Chi looked around for her husband, but like Yamcha before her, found no sign of him. "Did he already go backstage?"

"Gohan, it's Piccolo!" Goten tugged on his older brother's pants eagerly, pointing towards a far more empty area of the Papaya Island bazaar. Standing alone, arms folded with his expression as serious as always, was the Nameless Namekian who took the name Piccolo.

"Hey, Piccolo!" Gohan walked over towards his former teacher, followed by Erasa, who seemed once again very meek in Piccolo's presence, as she had when they visited him on the Palace. "Have you seen my Dad anywhere?"

"Not yet, I fear," Piccolo replied, grateful to have the company of Gohan after having stood here with nothing but his own thoughts for the past few hours, "but he'll be here."

"Uh...hello again, Mr. Piccolo," Erasa stammered, trying her hand at formality with the Namekian as she didn't quite know how to address him.

The name stunned Piccolo, but only briefly; he then let out a laugh, "I can't remember the last time someone called me that!" He looked down at Erasa with inquisitive eyes, as if analyzing the young girl, "You're the girl that Gohan was hanging around when I last saw you. The name's Erasa, right?"

"Right, that's me," The blonde smiled brightly at Piccolo remembering who she was, even though she couldn't remember introducing herself to him. She didn't pay it any mind however, as occurrences that could seem odd to everyone else were normal around Gohan and his friends; Erasa had learned to take everything in stride.

"I can tell without sensing your energy that you've become a lot stronger. Impressive. I can't wait to see what you're made of in the ring," Piccolo said, giving Erasa some very minor praise and encouragement that was unusual coming from him.

"About that..." The girl brushed her short blonde hair to the side with her hands, looking away from Piccolo with a hint of hesitation before inhaling sharply, "I was thinking I should wear something more official. I was only borrowing this *gi* because it suited the training I was being given by Gohan. But, now that I'm looking at how the two of you dress...can you perhaps give me a uniform matching your school?"

The Namekian's eyes narrowed as his mouth opened slightly in surprise; shaking his head, he closed his eyes and chuckled aloud. "You're certainly something, you know that? I've never seen anyone but Gohan make that kind of request to me before," He opened his eyes, placing his hand over her head, smiling sincerely, "Sure. I can honour that request; just stand still." He emitted a beam of light from his palm that enveloped Erasa's body, and the white training *gi* she often borrowed from Videl began to change, sparkling at first before it became a *gi* of dark purple hue, a dark red *obi*, as well as a flowing Namekian cape and shoes. The contrast to the *gi* that was adorned by Piccolo was the garment possessed an long-sleeved, sky-blue undershirt, similar to the one Goten himself wore.

The blonde girl gaped as she admired the magically transformed cloak, blinking as her hands run around the cape and tunic in wonderment. "This is...so incredible!" She stuttered, before showing her gratitude by bowing to the Namekian, "Thank you, Master Piccolo!"

Piccolo crossed his arms, smirking, "No need for the formalities, kid. Piccolo will do just fine. It's been hard enough to get Gohan to stop talking to me formally. I don't need two kids acting too polite to me-" His words were cut short by the loud explosion of human gunshots. The noise caused everyone in the crowd to panic— Mr. Satan's bodyguards immediately rushed to shield the man in case of stray shells — and shrill screams filled the crowd.

"Wait...is that?" Piccolo turned on his heels, towards the source of the gunfire. From that direction, he recognized a *ki* signature, but there was another, foreign signature, who seemed to be the cause of the violence, "I recognize that energy signature but...the gunman!?"

"YOU WANT SOME O' THIS!?" An angry female voice filled the crowd, attracting the attention of everyone as the source of the gunshots. Gohan and their group rushed ahead, clearing the path to see two faces that were familiar to all or some of them; standing before them was a bald, muscular man wearing a necklace of prayer beads, coloured dark brown, covering a sleeveless purple tunic top, with a black *obi* tied around his waist and trailing over his left leg. Wearing a matching purple tunic for his bottoms, he also

donned a pair of wooden-clogs that gave him extra height, in addition a familiar pair of wrist bands, also colored purple with black highlights, finishing his look. And yet, despite this startling appearance, the man's most astonishing feature was the third eye in the center of his head.

Floating at his side was a small, child-like individual with pale skin, two red circles on his cheeks, wearing a blue Hanfu-style robe, along with a white cape, dark blue *gi* pants, and a Mongolian-style hat above his head.

Clinging to the man's arm, however, was a very angry looking woman with long blonde hair that reached to her back, and sharp, emerald eyes that wore an expression of utmost fury that clashed with her beautiful face. She donned a black-halter top covered by a blue-and yellow jacket, emblazoned with the word 'RANCHI', camouflage cargo pants, and laced up, armor-toed boots. With her right arm wrapped into the man's muscular one, she held a sub-machine gun in her other hand, shooting shells directly into the sky as she glared at anyone who even looked at her strangely.

"CLEAR A PATH, WHY DON'TCHA!?" She barked, and everyone cowered out of her way as the unusual party of two proceeded.

"Is that Tenshinhan, Chiaotzu and...Lunch!?" Yamcha gawked at the two; he hadn't seen Tenshinhan or Chiaotzu in seven years. The man and his friend had departed at the end of the Cell Games, outright telling the group that they would more than likely never meet again. And yet here they were, plain as day, and with Lunch of all people clinging to him. She'd been gone even longer than Tenshinhan; ironically, she'd left to chase after the man some time before the Saiyans first arrived on Earth, and they had quite literally never heard from her again. Though to be fair, she had been arrested several times, as her friends had seen on the news. And yet she always managed to escape; if Yamcha recalled correctly, her latest escape had been the 99th successful escape and he was willing to bet she was simply trying for a record of 100.

"That voice...ain't you Yamcha?" Lunch inclined her head, looking at the well-dressed man, and then her eyes widened as she saw the rest of the group that had tagged along, "Well don't that beat all. I didn't ever think I'd run into any of you again, and yet here you all are!"

"Lunch, it's been awhile!" Bulma walked over, smiling at their old friend. Mercifully for the group, 'Bad' Lunch, as the blonde personality was known, had grown to become fond of Goku and his friends during the time she'd spent with them, and Bulma's smile was returned by the sharp-eyed woman.

"Tenshinhan, what brings *you* here though?" Krillin asked, looking up at the taller man in surprise, "I thought we weren't ever going to see you again, given the way you just left after the Cell Games had concluded."

"To be...perfectly honest..." The man kept looking at Lunch with a kind of discomfort, while his third eye focused entirely on Krillin, "I hadn't intended for us to meet like this. After Gohan's display of strength when he defeated Cell, I knew I had to redouble my training efforts, and I've spent the entire seven years we've been apart training with Chiaotzu. I was resting in a city when I heard about the Tenka'ichi Budōkai; I decided to test my luck and return to the tournament. Perhaps some of you might compete; my intuition was right."

"And *I* came here because I figured Tenshinhan would be here," Lunch replied, not quite smug, but nearly, and the man eyed her uncomfortably again. Ever since Lunch had reunited with Tenshinhan at the tournament, she'd been deliberately clinging to the man to prevent his escape, and being polite, he hadn't made much of an effort to do so; a decision he was beginning to regret.

"I assume something else brings the lot of you to the tournament?" Tenshinhan inquired, focusing all three of his eyes on his friends. "Beyond the promise of a challenge, of course?"

"Oh that's right, we weren't able to tell you!" Gohan slapped his fist onto his palm, frustrated at his own forgetfulness. "Tenshinhan, my Dad is coming back from the afterlife for a day and he chose the day of the Budōkai! He's going to be *here!*"

"Your Dad...?" Tenshinhan looked at Gohan blankly; he didn't recognize the man who stood before him immediately, until he got a feel for the teenage Saiyan's familiar *ki* signature. He'd recognize that anywhere, and the moment realization struck him, he smiled wryly, "Gohan! You've changed quite a bit, haven't you? I'm glad to see you've matured. So, Goku's returning, is he?" The only man Tenshinhan could call a rival, Son Goku, was returning from the dead on the day he chose to compete in the Tenka'ichi Budōkai? "Wonders never do cease...Goku, coming back? I thought I'd seen everything."

"Heh heh!" A familiar laugh chimed in from behind everyone, catching the attention of the entire group, "is someone talking about me?" Recognizing the voice immediately, everyone turned on their heels to see a familiar face standing behind them, accompanied by the Witch, Uranai Baba.

"GOKU!"

"DAD! IT'S YOU!"

"Go...ku..."

"Welcome back..."

The cries came from various people as everyone immediately registered the trademark orange and blue *gi* and spiky black hair. The man stood before his friends, smiling, even laughing a little, as he took everything in, "Wow! All of you have changed so much in seven years! Gohan, you're huge!"

Despite their earlier exclamation, the shock of seeing that Goku had actually returned briefly stunned the group into silence; with the exception of Lunch — who hadn't known Goku was dead at the time — the majority began to tremble, tears of joy beginning to stream from their face at the sight of seeing Goku again after so many years. In a sudden rush, Gohan, Chi-Chi, Krillin, and even Oolong all rushed to embrace the man. The only ones who stood back were Vegeta and Trunks, the former who wouldn't show any kind of joy at seeing Kakarot return, although the sight of his old rival did finally seem to cause Vegeta to relax, the latter simply didn't know who Goku was. Tenshinhan, Lunch, and Android 18 also stood back, as the former two were composed enough to not devolve into a sniveling mess at the sight of Goku; Android 18 didn't have much of an opinion on Goku either way, and her programming didn't help in that regard.

"I've missed you so much, Goku!" Chi-Chi practically pushed her way through everyone but her son, embracing her deceased husband with eagerness. She was crying in full now, but the tears that streamed down the widow's face were tears of joy and happiness now, the bitter tears she'd cried for seven years were gone as she felt Goku's warmth once again, "i-it's been so hard without you...!"

Goku returned his wife's embrace gently, a surprisingly tender smile growing on his face as he lifted the woman by the hips off the ground. "I missed you too, Chi-Chi. I'm sorry for leaving you alone for as long as I did." As the man placed his wife back on the ground, he noticed a small shape sneaking around from behind the Ox-King, and then behind Gohan, to finally hide behind Chi-Chi, only peeking around the woman's legs to look up meekly at the man. To Goku's surprise, it was a young boy who looked identical to himself.

"Chi-Chi, is that a miniature 'me' hiding behind your leg?" Goku inquired, peering around his wife's waist, pointing at Goten, who tried his hardest to conceal himself from his father.

"Goten, sweetie, that's your daddy!" Chi-Chi cooed, looking behind her at the meek youngest son. Slipping out of Goku's arms, she knelt down besides Goten, nudging him forward to Goku. "Go on honey, say hi."

"H-hi..." The child stammered, walking forward meekly before stopping short, "I-I'm Goten."

Gently, Goku pushed his friends away, walking towards his youngest son and smiling, "And I'm Goku," He said gently, "Hi."

After what looked like very careful deliberation for Goten, the young boy simply lowered all of his defences and ran towards Goku, who knelt down to catch the excited boy.

"Daddy!"

The force of Goten's own hug nearly toppled Goku, who was surprised at his son's strength, "Whoa there! You're a strong one, aren't ya, little guy!?" He hoisted the miniature version of himself onto his shoulder, perching Goten above nearly everyone else. Eagerly, Goten embraced Goku, laughing excitedly at finally being able to meet his father, and Goku responded in kind, equally as happy to see he and Chi-Chi had added another member to their little family.

"Um..." Not eager to interrupt the bonding between family and friends, Erasa quietly tried to make her presence known, stepping forward and mumbling a greeting to try and get Goku's attention. Due to his enhanced sense of hearing, Goku picked up on Erasa's mumbling despite the fact that she seemed to be trying to go unnoticed.

"Hm? You're a new face," Goku said as he looked at Erasa curiously, and what struck him as being the most odd was her clothing; Namekian in style, just like the clothing that Piccolo and Gohan frequently wear for their fighting, "Are you a friend of Gohan or Piccolo? Or maybe a fan? You're dressed the same!"

"I'm not a fan," Erasa replied quietly, clearing her throat to try and increase her volume and confidence, "I'm Erasa and..." She swallowed, trying to find the easiest way to introduce herself to Gohan's father. After Android 18 had already addressed the issue, she figured being forthcoming and outright tell Goku exactly why she was here. "...I'm Gohan's disciple and his g-girlfriend!" She cried, more loudly than was necessarily, earning her the silence of the group as a whole.

"I-It's nice to meet you..." She trailed off, immediately realizing she may have botched up her first impression. From behind her, Android 18 could only smirk.

"Oh! So you're Gohan's girlfriend?" Goku flashed a look at his older son, smiling in surprise, "your mother did say that you've have a girlfriend at some point, I just didn't know training her would have come along with the relationship."

"Heh heh...that about sums it up, Dad," Gohan could only smile and laugh, but he was very relieved that Goku seemed to have taken well with Erasa.

"So, how long have you been training with Gohan?" Goku asked curiously, his excitement apparent as he began to list off other inquiries for the befuddled blonde girl, "how'd you meet him? What about your fighting style? Did he teach you any special combos? How did Chi-Chi react to you? Did she scare you?" Goten, still perched on his father's shoulder, paid the adult conversation no mind at all, and was idly toying with his father's signature spiky locks, fascinated with how they resembled his.

"Um...Um..." Erasa was left fumbling and confused, unsure how to answer the rapidfire questions her boyfriend's father had for her; in fact, she was starting to feel conflicted emotions. Happy that Goku seemed to accept her, but confused as to the fact that for a grown man, he was very energetic and had a childlike quality to him, and even more confused because she was starting to piece together what Bulma had said. The moment Goku began talking, she started to feel as if this was someone she could put her faith in, and yet she literally did not know the first thing about him.

"...ku! Goku!" Uranai Baba snapped, her sharp clearing of the throat caused Goku to crane his head over towards the All-Seeing Crone, "if you would kindly listen, let me remind you, you only have 24 hours. That's the most I can do for you."

"Thanks, Baba," Goku waved the woman off as she began to fly in the opposite direction, not even sparing a passing glance at her brother, Master Rōshi, "I'll see you when the day is up!"

"We really should make our way towards the registration counter, before the doors close on us," Piccolo urged, and the entire group began to bustle with the rest of the crowd towards the large desk marked "REGISTRATION". With the entirety of their friends and family occupied, Piccolo took his chance to speak directly to those he knew needed to know of the coming peril.

*"Goku. Tenshinhan. Gohan. Vegeta. It's Piccolo; I'm talking you all of you right now through telepathy. I hate to mar our reunion, especially after such a touching little scene. But I've felt disturbances moving about the Earth in the past few days; shadows that cannot be ignored. I'm going to tell you my suspicions now; stay on your guard, we may have far more to contend with today than simply the Tournament competition."*

**A/N:** *OKAY! Talk about a doozie! But I managed to get this chapter out, and in the middle of the month no less! After my computer troubles and other given issues with the previous chapter, and with my excitement to finally get this chapter out! When people think 'Dragon Ball', a lot of them think 'Super Saiyan' or 'Kamehameha' and while, yes, those are two of my favorite things, I also think "Tenka'ichi Budōkai". Yeah, I've read and re-read the manga quite often and the Tenka'ichi Budōkai is one of my favorite things Toriyama has introduced into the series short of Vegeta and Videl with pigtails (spoiler: she did not cut her hair, those twintails will stay for the duration of this story), and as you can see from Rōshi's statement in this chapter alone, I intend to preserve the original spirit of the Budōkai in my story, as opposed to the circus it became in the Boo Saga. Seriously, punching machines? What kind of preliminary was that?*

Who was surprised to see Lunch and Tenshinan and Chiaotzu return? Anyone? You have no idea how much I've been waiting to show those three in my story! I've always had a special fondness for those characters, hell, original Dragon Ball in general. So the chance to bring back LUNCH of all people, who I am betting money quite a few people forgot even existed, warms the cockles of my heart. Also, let me take this time to address name spellings: I am using the majority of the names I get from the VIZ Media translated English localized manga. For me, that means names like "Tien" and "Launch" are instead "Tenshinan" and "Lunch". "Roshi" is properly spelled as Rōshi, "Shenron" is "Shénlóng", "Dyna-Caps" are "Hoi-Poi Capsules", "King Kai" is "Kaiō" (you know, as in "Kaiō-ken"?) "World Martial Arts Tournament" as "Tenka'ichi Budōkai", and yes, even "Fortuneteller Baba" is instead "Uranai Baba", or quite literally, "All-Seeing Crone". So if any names or titles appear to be spelled differently here, that's because, chances are, I am using the names from the manga, as opposed to the names from the English dubbed anime. (The only reason I have not spelled Krillin as "Kuririn" is because I'd made too many typos.)

While we're on the topic of names, Lunch's name is a pretty good stroke of brilliance on the case of Toriyama. Her name is "Lunch", which is a food pun. The dub calls her "Launch", which, while sounding stupid, is technically what one does to a rocket, a type of firearm, which Lunch specializes in using. But the Japanese pronunciation of "Lunch" is "Ranchi", which sounds like "Raunchy", which can fit Bad Lunch's crass speaking patterns and behaviour.

Also, to anyone curious, as of the moment, no, Tenshinhan and Lunch are not a couple in this series, it's just, the last we heard of her, she went off chasing after Tenshinhan. Why not bring that shit back?

Anyway, on one final note, I will take a BRIEF break from this story to write a one-shot, then I will return with all new material. This message, naturally, only applies to my viewers who read this story on the day it came out; if it's like years in the future and you're reading this...go check out my story list, you may find the one-shot there!

As always, let's thank my friend Demod20 for his appreciated assistance in brainstorming and proofreading!

I promise super-exciting action in the next chapter of the Erased Chronicles! See you then!

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